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Senior Editor: JENKIN LLOYD JONES.
Associate Editors: WILLIAM C. GANNETT,
FREDERICK L. HOSMER, JOHN C. LEARNED,
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PARKER WOOLLEY, MRS. EMMA ENDICOTT
MARREAN.
Office Editor: MISS BELLE L. GORTON.

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Editorial.

*In the nine Heavens are eight Paradises:
Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.
Only the blessed dwell in the Paradises;
But Blessedness dwells in the human breast.
Created creatures are in the Paradises;
The uncreated Maker in the breast.
Rather, O man! want those eight Paradises
Than be without the ninth one in thy breast.
Given to thee are those eight Paradises
When thou the ninth one hath within thy breast.
—From the Arabic.*

1016+142=1158.

THE *American Journal of Educa-*
tion says that "there is one unity alone
that is worth effort, that is the unity of
action; action is life and regeneration—
let us unite in action."

"THE latest achievement of reason
is toleration," says E. P. Powell, in
"Our Heredity from God." Toleran-
tion, we may add, inversely, is the most
potent factor in the advancement of
reason.

THE *Union Signal* topic for "prayer
meeting," March 10—"Blessed be
Drudgery." Let this new beatitude
go forth, strike root in the life of toil-
ing man, and prove that inward grace,
not outward betterment can make the
man.

It is right to criticise the present by
suggesting the more glorious possibili-
ties of the future. Love is going to
become a greater motive than greed.
Truth is going to become a more cov-
eted possession than gold, and the time
is coming when the only coin that will
pass as currency is that which "has
upon it the impress of God," and that

time is coming, too, not by revolution
but by evolution, not by miracle but by
law, not through hatred but through
love.

PROPHETS are always in danger of
missing it in two ways. They under-
shoot the fact and overshoot the time.
Greater things than they dream of are
ever coming to pass, but they are al-
ways underestimating the time neces-
sary to bring them about. It was so
with the prophets of Jewry. How
little did they in their wildest dreams
prefigure the great Christ and the great
Christianity, but how impatient they
were and how often disappointed in
time.

LISTENING to a spirited discussion of
the "Woman's Rights" question, an
irate husband said, "If you had *all* the
rights you desired, which one would
you *first* exercise?" The wife replied,
"The right to ask, 'What did you do
with that five dollars I gave you last
week?'" It was a platform advocate of
Woman's Rights, one who stood forth
to plead her cause before the public,
that asked his wife when she requested
money, "Have you spent all that ten
cents I gave you last week for hair
pins?"

THE two ladies upon the New York
School Board have done excellent ser-
vice. But several of their fellow mem-
bers object to having women on the
board, and take pains to show their
feeling. The chairman and some of
the members habitually address Miss
Dodge and Mrs. Agnew as "Dodge"
and "Agnew" at the regular meetings
of the Board. Whereupon the St.
Paul *Business Women's Record* re-
marks, that in other cities, it is often
said there is need of some ladies on
the school committee, but in New
York the crying need seems to be for
more gentlemen on the Board.

THE woes as well as the poverties of
life are from within. The root of
crime springs not primarily from im-
proper material adjustment, but from
uncontrolled passion and undisciplined
wills. She who cannot live a saint in
a cottage might disguise the fact a lit-
tle more successfully in a mansion, but
the ugly fact would remain. He who
will get drunk on two dollars a day
will scarcely be made temperate by
raising his wages a dollar, and the ar-
guments on the other side are equally
true. A man who is mean with an in-
come of fifty thousand would probably
be just as mean a man if he earned but
a thousand a year. In either case he
gets but a mean man's reward, he
knows only a mean man's joys.

A WRITER in the *Reformed Church
Messenger* (Philadelphia) holds that
the responsive services in use in our
Sunday-schools naturally prepare the
rising generation for entrance into the
Episcopal church, "just as the anxious
bench is a stepping stone to the different
Methodistic churches." We have little
doubt that some of the services used in
our Unitarian Sunday-schools, as also
some in use in the churches, have had
this effect. But all depends upon the
form of the ritual and the manner of
using it. If the school or the church
sees no radical difference between the
thought and phrases of our service and
that of the Episcopal liturgy—except,
possibly to find ours only a weak dilu-
tion of Evangelical belief—and the
same stress is placed upon the priestly
office in conducting it, probably we
are doing the very thing which will
lead them to choose Episcopacy if they

are ever brought into contact with it.
With the right sort of responsive ser-
vices and songs, however, they will
never learn to love either the tedious
movement or the antiquated thought of
a prelatical church. There is some-
thing repressive in it, which it must
take a long schooling in dignified dull-
ness to overcome.

"A BRILLIANT radical preacher of
Boston, Rev. Minot J. Savage, in a ser-
mon on Liberal Orthodoxy, declares:
'I don't risk contradiction in making
the statement that there is not a single
one of these liberal orthodox preachers
who believes the doctrine of the Trinity,
at all. I mean the Trinity as stated,
and as it stands in the acknowledged
authoritative creeds of the Church.'"
"Not quite so fast, brother Savage,"
answers Heber Newton, the Broad
Church Episcopalian: "The Trinity,
as it stands in your mind, few of us,
probably, believe; but the Trinity as it
stands in the Catholic creeds, quite a
number of us do believe, and find noth-
ing in it that you may not, and probably
do not believe. Critics of venerable
dogmas should always keep alive the
philosophic insight and the historic
sense, without which the mystic concep-
tions of antiquity can not be rightly
read by the modern world."

THE Economic Conference meetings,
interrupted for several weeks by the
use of the Madison Street Theatre for
other purposes, were resumed last
Sunday evening, with an earnest and
impressive address on "The Eight
Hour Day," by C. S. Darrow. Ad-
dressing himself to the honest men and
women seriously studying social prob-
lems, and desirous of lifting the poor
from their poverty and despair, he
showed the advantage of the eight-hour
day to the laborer, both on the ma-
terial and intellectual sides. The
belief that shortening the working
hours would reduce wages, based upon
the "wage-fund theory," he thought a
fallacy; shortening the working day,
by reducing the vast army of the un-
employed, would really enable the
laborer to make better terms with his
employer. Within the century the
producing power of man had increased
at least twenty fold, and yet the work-
ing hours of the toiler were scarcely
lighter than one hundred years ago.
In view of these facts how could the
eight hour movement with justice be
opposed? The laborer did not ask ten
hours' pay for eight hours' work. Such
demand were useless, wages being
subject to the law of supply and de-
mand. But he would undoubtedly fare
better under the eight-hour than under
the ten-hour system. The lecture as a
whole was a strong ethical treatment of
a vexed question, concluding with the
statement that this movement was in
the line of evolution and in keeping
with the eternal force that works for
good. Bettering the condition of the
masses undoubtedly lies at the root of
the broadest social development, since
a chain is no stronger than its weakest
link, and earnest, conscientious workers,
however varied their lines of effort,
must reinforce each other. Let the
heaven work!

"If there is going to be war, let it
begin right here," said Captain Parker
at Lexington. So, if there is going to
be reformation, let it begin right here
—here in our own lives, where passion
needs to be linked with reason, our
pleasure wedded to another's pain, "our
strength transformed to joy of many"
—right here in our church, as where,

if anywhere in the wide world, the
beauty of co-operation, the economy of
a common life, must be first demon-
strated. Here if anywhere is where
the mite of each will make the bounty
of all, where combined trifles make a
joyous uplifting delight. Right here
again in the communities in which we
live, let our spirits become public. Let
the flag of our common country float
from our school-houses, one by one let
the faces of our nation's heroes look
down upon us from our parks and from
the corners of our avenues, let books
and pictures, music and science be the
public benefaction to the public, the
free gift of the community to the com-
munity. Let the simplicity of our
homes leave a surplus thus to embellish,
ennoble and beautify our larger home,
the city. There are but few who can
afford to possess a masterpiece in paint-
ing or in sculpture, but there are enough
even in a small town, if like-minded,
who might readily possess themselves
of some one piece of lasting joy. Let
them put that where it will have the
benefit of the brightest light and the
interpretation of the widest apprecia-
tion. When a noble Roman patrician
concluded to take a noble statute from
his front yard to embellish an inner
court in his palace, the citizens rose in
tumultuous protest. Whoever owned
the marble, the beauty of the form, the
grace, the poetry, the story back of it,
had become public property, and no
one had a right to withdraw for private
ends what was a part of the common
life. On such lines as these it is possi-
ble to work from within out, from cen-
ter to circumference, flanking hatred
with love, killing sordidness with gen-
erosity, smothering selfishness with dis-
interestedness, transmuting the monop-
olies of greed into the monopolies of
grace; blessing, not abusing, the power
that knows how to form these divine
combinations which make for civiliza-
tion. The main work still rests upon
the shoulders of the devotee, the proph-
et, the teacher of morals, the church,
rather than upon the champion of a
class, the statistician, the politician or
the legislator.

THE LARGER SIGNIFICANCE OF EASTER.

Festivals are a thing of growth.
They are not made to order. They
come slowly into use and take on new
associations and larger meaning as the
seasons come and go. They form a
part of a people's wealth outside all
possible tables of statistics. They are
preservative of sentiments and ideas,
and voice these to the popular thought
and feeling with every annual return.
A great festival, one which has rooted
itself in the affections of a people, car-
ries an immeasurable value. Such is
Easter. It is susceptible of a limited
and also of a larger interpretation. We
have often heard persons ask in regard
to certain churches: "Why do these
churches keep Easter Day? They do
not accept the crowning miracle of the
gospel story. They do not believe that
the dead body laid away in Joseph's
tomb came to life again on the third
day." No, they do not; nor do they
use such tradition as a basis of their
faith in the soul's survival of death. It
seems to them much easier to believe in
the immortality than in this proffered
proof of it. But in the immortality
they do believe, and this they teach
and preach. To them, therefore, the
Easter festival widens out beyond its
immediate association with the New
Testament tradition and commemorates

the universal fact or faith which that tradition confirms to those accepting it. It becomes, in a word, the great festival of Immortality. And in this respect Easter simply follows the law of growth or development illustrated in all our religious festivals. Indeed, its own beginnings lie far beyond the rise of Christianity; and its adoption by the tribes and peoples who came, in the course of time, to accept the conquering faith, was made easy and natural by the fact that it was not for them a new festival, but only the gathering of new associations to a festival already observed among them from immemorial time. It was the deepening of Nature's lesson and accepted symbolism by the story of a supremely exalted human life. Something of the same history is observable in our Christmas festival. The real date of Jesus' birth, both as to the month and even the year, is now lost. But this matters little in our love for the festival and our observance of it. The story of the birth of the wonderful child of Nazareth became inwoven with a festival season already fixed in the customs of the nations who learned to love that story; and to-day our Christmas in the general conception and observance of it has widened out beyond the supposed anniversary of any one man's birth, and has become the one great festival of childhood. It is the apotheosis of Infancy and Childhood. Then the little child is set in the midst of every circle and fireside group, and his are the scepter and crown for the time. The tenderness, the innocence, the beauty and charm and promise of childhood, become the lesson of the hour. All classes share in its joy. All churches, and the people outside all churches, respond to it. It is not a matter of particular theological or historical views or beliefs. All welcome and share in the larger significance of the festival. So it is in the festival of our annual Thanksgiving. We can trace the observance far back, until its beginning in this country is possibly to be found in an appointed fast that was providentially changed into a glad thanksgiving when threatened famine was escaped through the coming of fresh supplies from across the sea. But however the festival began, it has deepened in meaning and in its hold upon the people by many occasions and influences along its way; and now its earlier associations are quite lost in the national festival which it has to-day become. The harvest joy, the sentiment of patriotism, the affections of family and home life, the common faith of the people,—all these have entered into the observance to carry it beyond the limits of any one particular occasion or tradition of the dim and half-remembered past. As we have said, festivals are growths. They overflow the private and particular experience or occasion and grow to commemorate universal sentiments and ideas.

And thus Easter has come to be in the larger significance of the day the great festival of Immortality. In every home it brings with special power the remembrance of those who have made its joy and who have passed from outward sight. It speaks of human faith and to human faith. It recalls the lives with which our own have walked in loving and helpful fellowship. It makes our churches glad with flowers whose beauty speaks to the heart the same lesson of trust that of old those field lilies spoke to the receptive soul of Jesus. It seems to renew the spirit and to freshen the dry wastes within. It makes the sods to lie less heavily upon the last year's graves. It touches each one of us through the quickened hope and memory of the great common heart. Yes, a beautiful festival is Easter, this festival of Immortality. It commemorates the life of Jesus and his spiritual kindred of all the ages, the lives associated with and dear to our individual hearts, and it lifts the bow of promise above the mists of human sorrow and doubt and fear.

F. L. H.

MIND-READING.

Nature seems to dislike secrets, and is ever publishing them to all who will learn her languages. The buried history of the earth is upheaved in the mountain sides and told to the geologist. Matter is carried far by rivers, waves and winds; and when too fine to be seen, still tells its secrets to the chemist. Even without this transfer of matter, news is spread more swiftly by waves of air or ether. The speaker's words are borne in all directions faster than the wind, and told in a thousand ears at once. They are even carried to distant cities in the telephone, and to distant centuries in the phonograph; and far finer sounds and secrets are whispered in the microphone.

Light is a still greater revealer of secrets, publishing to all eyes everything it touches, and telling infinitely more if it can find a microscope to speak through. It even travels space, brings a message from the moon in a second and a half, and will bring a far fuller one if allowed to come through a telescope tube. It even flies from furthest space to tell the last explosion in the sun and latest news from the stars; and if only given a spectroscope to write its story in, will tell the gases of the nebula and a little gossip from the milky way. It not only tells its story in the eye for an instant, but prints it to keep, if it can only find a photograph plate, and makes its picture in a fraction of a second, too. It even pictures what cannot be seen at all; and a photograph taken to-night of a given spot in the sky will show every star that the telescope can find there, and about as many more. Such a tell-tale is the light.

And electricity is another. It carries items of news and gossip around the world in no time, and to all the cities of the globe, to be repeated in countless papers and be known by everybody next day. It tells even what is going to be, and lets us know whether to expect a blizzard or a thaw, and whether to take the umbrella or parasol. And it not only tells so much through a little wire, but will start other currents outside the wire, by mysterious induction, and enable the electrician on the moving train to read the messages flashing over the line along the track.

With nature so eager to reveal all other secrets, we might expect that she would reveal some of those of the human mind too, and recent exhibitions seem to show that she does. Some would try to explain Irving Bishop's work as skilled deception, and no doubt he has remarkable power in that direction when he wishes to use it; but this could account for but a small part of his performance. Most scientists have been prone to explain it as "muscle reading"; and no doubt a person of his sensitive nerves and acute perceptions, and with so long experience, could do most of these things through the unconscious help of his guide and of sounds and other signs in the audience. But after making all allowance for this, there still remains a large amount of marvel that seems quite inexplicable without supposing some genuine mind-reading. This conclusion is strengthened when we read of his exhibitions, not in promiscuous audiences and with inexperienced committees, but before critics in England and elsewhere. And it is strengthened still more when we read the reports of the London society for psychical research, and their protracted experiments with the Creery girls and others. From such reports, we have to conclude that thought is somehow communicated from mind to mind by methods unsuspected before. Nor does such a conclusion seem at all unscientific. Why would it be any more impossible for nervous currents in one man to start similar currents in another by induction, and be read by him, than for electric currents to do the same and be read outside the original wire? The analogy is suggestive, and some one has called mind-reading "nervous induction." Nor would this influence of mind on mind be any more

wonderful than the familiar fact of the gas in a star leaving its line in the spectroscope, or the star itself leaving its picture in the photograph, or even its image in our eyes. The former influence is not familiar like the latter, but the latter has not been familiar long. And seeing how photographs that were thought impossible two generations ago now fill all the albums; and seeing how electricity, which was hardly known a few generations ago, now does a large part of the work of the world;—one may raise the question whether this mind-reading may not yet come to be a common and practical thing in life.

Such a result would not be so undesirable as it seems. The exposure of all secrets would help the world more than harm it. It might harm the grocer to have the secret of his sugar discovered, and the manufacturer to have it known just what he is putting in those cloths and boot soles;—but it would help all others. It might harm the politician or doctor, or even preacher, to have the secrets of their professions all exposed;—but it would help mankind. Charles Sumner opposed secret sessions of the senate, saying that the genius of our institutions required publicity, and should follow that old Roman who ordered his house so constructed that all that was done in it could be seen by the world. The abolition of secrets would doubtless be better both for states and individuals. The knowledge that our inmost thoughts and feelings were known to all our neighbors, would check the bad ones and cultivate the good, and do more for morality than all the fears of laws and jails and gallows in this world, or of tortures in the next. Whether mind-reading is ever to become general or not, it certainly ought to be encouraged.

H. M. S.

Contributed and Selected.

THE SPIRIT MAKETH ALIVE.

That which was dust
Is now a flower;
Bare thorny boughs
Form beauty's bower.

Nothing is lost,
But subtle change
Maketh the old
Seem new and strange.

Even God works
In lawful grooves;
Into new forms
The spirit moves;

Thou art a child,
Oh grieving heart,
That of the whole
Seest but a part.

M. F. BUTTS.

A GLANCE HEAVENWARD.

"Set your affections on things above."—
COL. iii: 2.

The air will soon be filled with one universal song of rapture, announcing that spring has come, and the tiny blades of grass, together with the buttercups and daisies, will look and point heavenward. The tender lily and crocus in your parlor window will turn their little faces to kiss the beams of morning light. The fragrance of the heliotrope will be carried on the bosom of the wind to some sick chamber. The silent, but stupendous powers of nature will lift the water from the ocean and carry it back in cloud chariots to the mountain tops.

Nature, in these lessons, tells us to look up. God has made man with a soul-beaming, divine countenance, and he looks up, while other creatures look down. Our first impulse was to look up from the cradle to catch the genial smile of our mother's face, and shall we cease to look up? Our lives may seem worthless, but let us look up, assured of this—that life will beam with beauty as we are more beautiful. Life is like the image of the sky on the bosom of the lake, which vanishes indeed when the waters are ruffled, but which reappears, more and more distinctly, as every little wave sinks gradually to rest, until the returning calm shows

again, in all its purity, the image of that heaven which never ceases to shine on it. The person who sheds abroad the fragrance of a holy violet life in the dingy alley or fever-haunted court, is simply echoing the cry of the Alpine shepherd, Excelsior.

GODFREY HUGHES.

STREUBENVILLE E.

ON LOVE.

What is love? Ask him who lives,
What is life? Ask him who adores,
What is God?

Thou demandest what is love? It is that powerful attraction towards all that we conceive, or fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason, we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's views should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once and mix and melt into our own, that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and warming with the heart's best blood. This is love. This is the bond and sanction which connects not only man with man, but with everything which exists.

Hence, in solitude, or in that deserted state where we are surrounded by human beings and yet they sympathize not with us, we love the flowers, the grass, and the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring, in the blue air, there is found a secret correspondence with the heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks and the rustling of the leaves beside them, which, by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to a dance of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone.—*Shelley.*

UNITARIAN WOMEN IN COUNCIL.

EXTRACTS FROM A PAPER READ BEFORE THE
UNITARIAN WOMEN OF WICHITA, KANS.

Though we have dispelled forever some of the grosser myths of the past ages, though we know that the universe is in the hands of an energy which "works for righteousness," it still remains true that the power that works for righteousness meets with opposition.

Cast your eyes about you in your own city. Not far from here is a place called the calaboose, which suggests to a pure mind the very horrors of hell. The jail could tell you many sad tales of infamy. There are places called "joints," defiers of the law, where men and women drink a poison that destroys body and soul. There is giddiness and frivolity, there is profanity and ignorance on every street corner. If there is any difference between this age and the past, it does not consist in the removal of the forces that menace the way of perfection, but it consists rather in the enlarged facilities to deal with the problem of evil.

The church becomes one of the mightiest forces to stem the downward or death-leading tendencies in man, and to give large, free, unbounded room for the development of the upward or life-giving tendencies.

Professor Swing said that ten good women could save Chicago. Ten good women can—yes, and even a less number, five, or three—give to the Unitarian church of Wichita the spiritual significance it should have. Outsiders have their prejudices; they do not hesitate, in our very presence, to say that the Unitarian church is a church that believes nothing. It is time that this false interpretation be corrected. The burning convictions of truth that have come to us under Unitarian teaching, must find a tongue. Would that we could, utter now in Sinai thunders, again in rich, sweet, persuasive tones, the grand, inspiring,

world-saving truths of which the Unitarian church is child and heir. The words of Emerson, uttered fifty years ago, come to us to-day with peculiar force. "In how many churches, by how many prophets, tell me, is man made sensible that he is an infinite soul; that the earth and heavens are passing into his mind; that he is drinking forever the soul of God." In the Unitarian church, the "great and perpetual office of the preacher must be discharged." In it "man must be made sensible that he is an infinite soul; that the earth and heavens are passing into his mind." It must be a vigorous, live church, whence shall radiate holy and uplifting influences. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, must be its central theme. For such a church more is needed than the outward frame—we need lives consecrated to these truths.

We have heard many times that the Unitarian church is the prophet church, and so it is. Prophets have a message, and shall we not study it devoutly? Shall we not turn to the words these teachers have spoken, as words of life, words that would give us new visions of God, and truth, and the immortal life.

If the few pioneer Unitarian women of this city wish to be true to their high calling, they will unite to do conscientiously, earnestly and nobly the great work which has been committed to them.

A voice comes to us from an earnest Unitarian woman in Chicago, saying, "Why not plan some of the work we are doing? Have your monthly meetings, some one reading a paper, and all talking about it; then start a Temperance, Indian, or Post-Office Mission committee, and try actively to do something for all these noble causes." This leads me to speak of another great need of ours—the need of reading the weekly religious papers of our denomination. We cannot afford to lose the inspiration, the encouragement which can come to us through that source alone.

An orthodox lady, who is well known in this city for scholarship and culture, declared, with emphasis, "If the teachings of Channing, Emerson and Parker were boldly proclaimed in your pulpits, the hall could not contain the people who would flock to hear." I believe this is a true prophecy. Let us be true to our highest convictions, and we shall see it fulfilled in the near future.

MARIE MATHIS.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

In a valley centuries ago
Grew a little fern leaf green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender,
Waving when the wind swept down so low.
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it.

But no foot of man e'er trod that way:
Earth was young and keeping holiday.
Monster fishes swam the silent main;
Stately forests waved their giant branches;
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches;
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries;
But the little fern was none of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its wild, sweet way:
No one came to note it day by day.

Once the earth put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion

Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the mighty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it and hid it far away.
O! the long, long centuries since that day!
O the agony! Ah! Life's bitter cost
Since that little useless fern was lost.

Useless! Lost! There came a thoughtful man

Searching Nature's secrets far and wide.
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design:
Veinings, leafage, fibres clean and fine;
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

SOCIAL TENDENCIES.

In the true society each member has a full life of its own—is in complete possession of all the physiological needs of animal existence. The bond of union is not in these nor in the outer conditions of life, but lies in the conscious

tendencies and purposes of spiritual development. There may be approximations to social tendencies in lower life-forms, glimpses of the coming day; yet true social tendencies are found only in man. True social tendencies spring only from that unselfish, altruistic love, which is the characteristic of man; and even in his life they can attain efficiency only in the measure in which he has gained insight into his life destiny, and has learned free obedience to his growing appreciation of the laws of being.

In this sense social tendencies are the crowning glory of man. They establish groups of free individuals, equal in all human possibilities, conscious of a common life-purpose, beyond mere individual effort, and yet lifting each individual member into a higher and broader, a worthier and nobler sphere of efficiency. Henceforth, each member of the group freely subordinates the narrower interests of the individual self to the higher social purpose. This purpose becomes to him a matter of deepest concern; labor in its service makes life worth living.

It appears, then, that attention to social tendencies should form the chief concern of education; that education should persistently place in the conscious service of social purpose whatever individual excellencies it may develop; that whatever individual habits of will it may nurture and fix should actively aid social evolution; that all personal interests should be taught to fashion themselves in active conscious co-ordination with social interests—in short, that social efficiency in the outcome is the high criterion of every educational activity.

Nor is it enough in this that the human being steer clear of interference with the rights of others; he must become an active helper in the performance of the common duties which hold the rights and duties, the weal and woe, the highest good of all. It is not enough that he love his neighbor as himself, if he loves himself selfishly; he must first learn to love himself altruistically, *i.e.*, in the light of his value to others, or—better still—he must learn to love himself socially, *i.e.*, in the light of his value to the common good; then will equal love of his neighbor follow, as the day follows the dawn.—*W. N. Hailman, in the Kindergarten.*

HUMOR IN THE PULPIT.

Humor is no new thing in the pulpit. There is humor in the Bible; there are flashes of it among the Fathers. It gleamed from Wyclif's solemn eyes. Luther broke into it, often wildly enough. In Latimer it was a full and ceaseless fountain. Zwingli did not disdain it. Erasmus wielded it with power. The grim earnestness of Bunyan was suffused with its brightness. Abraham-a-Sancta Clara made it the fashion in the seventeenth century of all the Roman Catholic pulpits of Germany. In religious controversy how Abelard and Pascal triumphed with it; how Sidney Smith and John Henry Newman irradiated with it the weak places of the positions by them so vehemently attacked.

But humor is full of peril to the preacher. "Quit your fooling and come down!" said Cromwell. The words are often on my lips in these later days. There is often in the preacher such a jauntiness of manner, such an implication of "Take nothing too seriously, dear friends," such a Bottom the Weaver's fashion of playing the Lion in his tones and movements; nay, such an evident relish of the sins he scores, that the vivid piquant pictures neutralize reproof and warning. The titillated imagination is kept awake, but how about the conscience? Is the theatre, I ask myself, revenging itself upon the churches by coaxing the preacher to transform the Gospel into third-rate comedy?—*Independent.*

Our grasp of the truth can never be worth much: it is the grasp of the truth upon us that men are willing to die for.—*R. H. Hutton.*

"DARE YOU?"

Doubting Thomas and loving John,
With the others walking on.

"Tell me now, John, dare you be
Of the small minority;
To be lonely in your thought,
Never to be sought or bought;
To be dropped and shunned, and go
Through the world esteemed its foe;
To bear off your titles well—
Heretic and infidel;
To be singled out, and hissed,
Pointed at as one unblessed;
Warred against in whispers faint,
Lest the children catch a taint?
If you dare, come now with me,
Fearless, confident, and free."

"Thomas, do you dare to be
Of the great majority;
To be only, as the rest,
With God's common blessings blest;
To accept in humble part
Truth that shines on every heart;
To be never set on high,
Where the envious curses fly;
Never name or fame to find,
Far outstripped in soul and mind;
To be hid, except to God,
As one grass-blade in the sod
Underfoot with millions trod?
If you dare, come with us be
Lost in love's great unity."

—E. R. Sill

The Unity Club.

The critics of our Unity Clubs may be right, after all. The more successful the club work, sometimes the more dangerous. Not long ago we described the Greek play, so admirably presented by the Cleveland club, but candor compels us to record the sequel of their three nights among the heathen. A private letter hints it thus: "The 'Greek play' was an immense success. Indeed it was finely done. I wish you could have come this way and taken it in. Your pagan nature would have enjoyed it; and to a resident on an Illinois prairie it would have been a liberal education. You ask if it didn't break into the regular movement of church and other activities. Of course it did somewhat, but not greatly; and the new interest it awakened, and the impression it made in the city, immensely more than made up. It has covered the club all over with glory, and has been the talk of the week!"

"The house was full the first night, and crowded the second and third. It was a big undertaking, but now we are all proud of its doing. This cold snap has obliged us to wear trousers and coats again; but we still live on olives and dates, with bread, and drink Chian wine, and salute one another with 'chère' in the market-place, where we daily congregate to 'see or hear some new thing.' I have spoken in the Porch and the Academy, and each day we gathered for an hour or more to listen or address the citizens."

The Study Table.

The Correct Thing in Good Society. By the author of "Social Customs." Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 75 cents.

A pocket guide through the mazes of modern society, a serviceable handbook showing how to act well one's part in the great drama of social life. This dainty little volume, bound in white and gold, as if standing first of all for spotless purity and unquestioned integrity, appears to be mainly an abridgment or condensation of the writer's previous work, already noticed in these columns. It is rather a manual for the initiated, who need only occasional prompting to keep bravely up with these giddy-paced times, than a cyclopedia for neophytes, to whom it may not occur to read largely and sparingly between the lines and across the corresponding pages, wherein are noted many times over what "is the correct thing" and what "it is not."

Some of the situations considered are the following: "At the Writing-desk;" "In Conversation;" "In the Family Circle;" "At Table;" "In Marriage Engagements;" "When Traveling in Horse-shops;" "In the Business World;" "In Shopping." One needn't necessarily be a "high-flyer at fashion"

to find in the pithy paragraphs under these and other headings numerous suggestions, the carrying of which into practice would tend toward what Mr. Emerson was wont to term the "melioration of man." It is a pleasing reflection, and serious, as showing the importance of the whole subject, that to mend one's manners is often the same as to rectify one's morals.

A few extracts will serve to show the character of Mrs. Hall's latest book and the humane spirit in which it was conceived, better than any mere description could do.

"It is the correct thing":—"To use good jet-black ink; to write legibly; to read over letters before sending them off; to remember that conversation is a fine art from which base matter must necessarily be excluded; for parents to teach children to tell the truth by doing so themselves; to be as polite at home as one is abroad."

"It is not the correct thing":—"To write like Horace Greeley; to write a letter and say nothing in it; to scold children for asking questions: this is about as reasonable as to scold them for breathing or thinking; to be above one's business, or to imagine that work is degrading; to open a window in a railroad-car without asking those who are sitting within reach of the draught whether they object to it; to endeavor to make over the human form divine into a poor imitation of a very inferior animal—the wasp."

M. H. G.

"Our Legacy." Boston: American Unitarian Association.

A little book about "The Lord's Prayer,"—a short chapter given to each clause of it. More religious in its feeling than most Unitarians could write; also more conservative in its thought. It makes us think of a little chain of mountain-lakes: the surfaces lie gleaming in the sun,—pure depths of mountain freshets lie unseen below. So are the familiar clauses of the prayer which everybody knows, to these deep life-thoughts, seen by few, which the writer finds below the words. The writer hides her name,—her name, or his.

W. C. G.

THREE new books to soon look out for,—Wm. Salter's "Ethical Religion," which, we predict, will surprise many inside and outside of the churches into the attitude "Almost thou persuadest me to be an Ethical Culturist;" and Heber Newton's winter sermons on the "Incarnation," which—to play prophet again—will make many a "Liberal" exclaim, "Then I, too, believe in the Incarnation;" and the last two volumes of William Lloyd Garrison's Life.

THE *Ethical Record* for April shows not only the careful editing and typographical taste of Mr. Weston, the lecturer of the Ethical Culture Society of Philadelphia, but it also shows the virility, the growing breadth and hospitality of the Ethical Culture movement. Of the convention of Ethical societies held in Philadelphia last January, this number contains a full report, and much other matter which we should be glad to report more fully in these columns did space permit. The words of Mr. Salter on "The Ethical Basis of Fellowship" we will try to make room for at an early date.

N. P. GILMAN's book on "Profit-Sharing Between Employer and Employé," just issued from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is a handsome volume of nearly five hundred pages. It is a book which, we trust, will turn history into prophecy, showing how much has already been done in this direction, and which will give the courage to others to go and do much more likewise. We are glad to call the attention of our readers to it, and hope in due time to present them with a more careful review of the contents.

THE religious combination of the future will certainly not come from critics and theologians. Ardent minds looking at things through the veil of their passionate dreams are best prepared for that.—*Renan.*

Church-Door Pulpit.

HEAVEN.

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

(Published by All Souls Church, Chicago.)

The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo, here! or, There! for lo, the Kingdom of God is within you.—LUKE XVII: 20, 21.

"What do you think of heaven?" is a question asked me very often, and in these days when the air is tremulous with Easter hopes and Easter rejoicing, the question becomes more frequent. It is a question I am always glad to have asked me, always puzzled to know how to answer, not because I have no thoughts nor yet because I hesitate to reveal such fragments as I have, but because there are so many thoughts, so many complex emotions related to the deeper realities of life, that the soul shrinks from inadequate statement and is at a loss to state in an epigram what it takes a life to feel and interpret. But in response to the pressing questions of my last Sunday preparation class, I gladly try once more to give something of my thought of that unexplored country, the far-near land of the hereafter. It may be noticeable that I use this word more sparingly in my ministry than is the custom of many ministers. If this is so, it is because I am convinced that around this, as around most of the great words of the soul, there gather often harmful as well as helpful thoughts, and the harmful ones sometimes crowd the helpful ones into the background. The latter, like modest children at a party, retire into the shaded corner nooks, while the obtrusive and boisterous ones monopolize the attention of the host. Perhaps the helpful thoughts of heaven will come to us with a more commanding interest if we can but fairly state and frankly recognize the hurting thoughts about heaven. At least let these receive our first attention.

1. The word heaven, like all the words that stand for the higher and the unseen, has been borrowed from the lower and from the seen. It probably comes from the word *heaved*, lifted up, elevated. It dates from ante-scientific times when men thought they lived under a solid *firmament*, a polished, glass-like globe protecting and hedging them in. Up beyond this crystal roof was the heaven of the primitive Hebrew. Up on the summit of Mt. Olympus the Greek Jove summoned his court. Up amid the branches of the venerable oaks beyond the shadows of their arching limbs, was the trysting place of spirits in the thought of our Druid forefathers. When the Jews thought of direct beatitude or special translation, they thought of *ascension*, a going up. Enoch and Elijah went up in a blaze of glory into the sky. If they could liberate in thought their dead from the sunless *sheol*, the under-world, or separate the thought of Jehovah from the ark that was placed in the holy of holies of the temple, their thoughts ever went upward beyond the sky. Even yet, this thought of going up is more than a beautiful and fitting metaphor to many minds. The idea of glory and bliss is still associated in the common thought with some suitable place above our heads. Hence the artist who pictures the face turned upward and the eyes rolled skyward, conveys to most minds the idea of spirituality regardless of the sacrifice of grace or the destruction of the nobler lines in the features. There is no doubt now in the minds of all civilized people that we live on a sphere, a spinning ball flying through space at an inconceivable rate of speed, enveloped on either side by a boundless sea of ether, and still there is a blind piety that looks upward and says, "Up there is the great white throne, 'mid yon glistening stars are my loved ones." The spectroscopic has demonstrated that the stars are made of materials akin to those which enter into the composition of this world. There is the common dirt such as we walk upon. Science assures us that the awful conflict of elements still rages there. Heat, cold, wind and fire

wage their fierce battle there as here, in many cases more intensely than here, and yet in holy ecstasy many long for wings with which to fly to some celestial battlements of a starry city where they would be removed from the travail of the elements and the contaminations of matter. It is hard to get away from the thought of heaven as primarily a place. My friend's child asked her mother upon her return from a funeral, "Mamma, where is heaven?" "I don't know, my child." "Why, didn't you study geography when you went to school?" Heaven is still to many a question of geography. How much more so was it in the past. I like to think that Jesus tried hard to remove this hurtful thought of heaven. I think we see some hint of it in the phraseology of the New Testament. Matthew, the most Jewish of the Gospel writers, alone puts into the mouth of Jesus the phrase, "the kingdom of heaven," which occurs some twenty-eight or thirty times. Nowhere else in the New Testament does the expression occur. The other evangelists and apostles used the nobler, the truer expression, "the kingdom of God." This simple change of a word denotes an immense change of thought. The ideal is not now a kingdom of heaven above the skies where departed prophets and saints are listening to choiring cherubim and seraphim, but the kingdom of God, the All-present, the universal Father, garlanded if need be with the lilies of the field, musical it may be with the twitter of birds and the laughter of babes, set perhaps with the glistening lakes of Galilee as its jewels, watered with rivers which slide over pebbly beds to the sea. Not the kingdom of heaven above the firmament, with harps and crowns, but the kingdom of God, in which lived the good Samaritan, the Mary that broke her flask of costly perfume and with the spikenard still more precious, eased the over-strung nerves of his heart with her love, was the thought of Jesus. The kingdom of God is where the tearful penitent seeks and finds the higher life that enables her to "go and sin no more." It is that which gives a holy touch of sympathy, that smooths the wrinkles from brows furrowed with care. The kingdom of heaven is chilled with the immaculate garments of angels with whom we are unacquainted, but in the kingdom of God children carol their innocent glee. Harps belong to the kingdom of heaven, but violins and pianos are found in the kingdom of God. White robes and golden crowns belong to the kingdom of heaven as it runs in the prevalent thought, but a calico dress and a red turban may set off Aunt Candace in the kingdom of God. This kingdom, Jesus taught and experience corroborates, comes without observation, is within you, is like a mustard seed, growing from small beginning, like the leaven, working unobserved. It is the kingdom of righteousness, of peace, of good intention and tender deeds. The kingdom of heaven, as it too often stands in the thought of men, is enlarged only by immigration. Death is the only recruiting officer. The burst of joy up there over a new soul arisen, is preceded by a wail of grief down here over an old friend gone, but the kingdom of God grows by every kind word, is enlarged by every new thought, embellished by every fresh deed of love. The thought of heaven as a spot in space, as a geographical or astronomical locality, is a harmful thought, for so long as it haunts the soul we shall find it dreaming of outward embellishments rather than struggling for inward reformation. It will be pining for a nicer world to live in than this, instead of toiling for the betterment of this world. Any thought of heaven is hurting that blinds us to the beauties of this world or renders us insensible to the marvels of the microscope that reveals happy colonies of life in a drop of water, each life in its tiny way chanting the praises of creation. Any thought of heaven is hurting that renders us insensible to the besetting revelations of the Almighty

that are revealed to us in the crystals of winter, the buds of spring and the fruits of autumn. Once release the soul from the haunting thought of a heaven far away in space, and lo! the wealth of the apocalyptic vision is now and here, ours the vaulted canopy, ours the celestial arch-ways, ours the fluttering wings of singing angels, for feathered messengers from God are all the birds upon the boughs. All the conditions of the "New Jerusalem" which John saw in the clouds, the trained eye and sympathetic heart will find in Boston, St. Paul, Omaha, Springfield, and even in Chicago. The sun makes golden our streets and our days keep time with the rhythmic beat of the universe.

2. Another harmful thought of heaven is that which bounds it with time limits, the implication that it is realizable in some future more or less distant, that we must wait for some millennial dawn, that by sudden change we are to be transformed from mortals into immortals, from corruption to saintliness. Still men are too prone to say, "There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest." How this foolish far-sightedness renders us blind to the fact that "the fields are already white for the harvest." To-day we have lived in heaven if we have behaved ourselves. Twenty deaths will not bring us so near to glory as one helpful kiss to a tired child, one loving word that will stay the distracted spirit of a worker for good, a child of God. "She will go to heaven if any one will," said some one to Samuel J. May of one whose life had been fragrant with helpful deeds although her thought had been tinged with heresy. "Will go to heaven?" said the cheery saint with a sparkle in his eye. "Bless you, she has been in heaven for many years."

"Shall we meet and know each other when we get over the river?" asked a parishioner of mine, of Bronson Alcott. "Over the river? Bless you, we are over the river now!" was the sagacious reply of the mystic sage. Even the strong faith of Whittier halts short of the truth when he says:

"O half we deemed she needed not the changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one who walked
an angel here."

You and I have known those of whom it might be said:

"O full we know she needed not the changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one who walked
an angel here."

O the tyranny of this measuring line of time! How we do live and wait and wait and wait as if the ticking of the clock were to bring us glory, as if there were any virtue in breathing, or any grace in mere staying here, as if life were told by the calendar.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

That this thought of heaven, like a promissory note not due, is often misleading and hurtful, is proven, I think, by the history of religion. The critical student of the Old Testament is perplexed to know how to account for the small place given to the future life in the Hebrew code. So shadowy and vague are the allusions to it that many conservative scholars fail to find it there at all, while contemporary nations and surrounding peoples were saturated with it. An ingenious and not improbable explanation is found in the fact that the Hebrew commonwealth sprang into life under the shadow of Egypt at a time when Egypt was literally dying from too much concern for the future. Its thirst for immortality killed it. The Hebrew law-givers saw the energies of that marvelous people consumed in excavating tombs and building pyramids upon ground that would better have been devoted to the raising of millet and rice, and they recoiled from the absurdity, they were saved from the mistake. India for weary centuries has been wrapped in dreamy contemplation of an idle futur-

ity, a far more useless vocation than that of the Chinese sages who have abandoned themselves to an adoration of the past, and Christendom has not been without its indolent souls who with folded hands have been praying for a better land. Bless them, this land is too good for them if they do not wake up and realize that

"The Now, the child and sire of time,
Demands the deeds of earnest men,
To make it better than the past,
And stretch the cycle of its ken.
Now is a fact that men deplore,
Though it might bless them evermore,
Would they but fashion it aright.

* * * * *
But now is ever good and fair,
Of the Infinitude the heir,
And we of it. So let us live,
That from the past we may receive
Light for the Now; from Now a Joy
That Fate nor Time shall e'er destroy."

"Better deny the gods than speak ill of them," said Plutarch. So I say, Better no thought of a heaven, no hope of a hereafter, than such thoughts as blight the present or wither our vitality. Let us have done with that religion that releases the soul from the responsibility of its own action, excuses it from using its own powers and fills it instead with longings to lie indolently on perennial beds of asphodel. O friend, better be content to stay where you are than to be over-anxious to go where you are not wanted. When you are needed there you may be sure you will be sent for. Meanwhile your pleasure and your profit lie here. I would not be rude to the homesickness of the soul nor disloyal to the ties that bind us to those that have passed out of sight and out of sound, but I would be worthy of these great yearnings, I would have you fit yourselves for the transcendent companionship that awaits. We should be disloyal to those who have left our arms vacant if we allowed those arms to continue to clutch vacancy rather than carry on the work they left unfinished, prolong the love they originated, improve and enlarge the legacy they left to us.

3. Still another harmful thought of heaven is to think of it as a prize obtained for us, as a law-suit is won, by deputed skill, by the arguments of a third party, by skillful appeal to precedent or statute book. Let us have no thought of heaven that will cripple the human will, cheapen individual effort, destroy the edge of noble ambition. Any thought of heaven that diverts us from our own task or leads us to distrust our own energy, is a snare and a delusion. God listens not to your attorney, but to yourself. He takes not your substitutes, but your deeds. If you expect to go to heaven on a bargain made for you by another, you will be disappointed. The heaven you will get in that way will not be worth the having. "But inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." "Whosoever doeth the will of my father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and my sister." "The kingdom of God is within you," hence its pillars must be reared there, pillars of integrity, walls of character, chambers lit with love and adorned with righteousness.

"He asks no taper lights, on high surrounding
The priestly altar and the saintly grave,
No dolorous chant nor organ music sounding,
Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.

"O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;

To worship rightly is to love each other:
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer."

An unmerited heaven would make the honorable feel as though they had sneaked in, as though they were not fitted for its joys. We do not want such. Let us yearn for no heaven that will take the grip out of our morality. Better for us to writhe in a deserved hell than to revel in an undeserved heaven, for the pangs of the one will bring manly confession and heroic effort, while the seductive music of the other will leave the soul more and more debilitated.

Let us review what we have gone

over and see where we are. In dreaming of a heaven somewhere in distant space, there is danger of losing sight of the Paradise in which we are now placed. Are there thorns upon your roses? Cut them off. Do you miss the palaces of which the elders sang? You should build them. Are there no fountains? Construct them. Do you miss the music of the harp? Learn to play it or use the piano. Musicians say it is the better instrument. Are there not white robes enough to go around? Then wash the soiled ones. Water is plenty.

Again, men have yearned for a heaven in the "sweet by and by." We need a large one that will take in the present, pluck out the sin now and plant the virtue.

Once more, men have dreamed of a heaven won by another's virtue, a vicarious boon thrust upon them as a reward for not thinking and not presuming to win it for themselves. In lieu of this the heaven men need is one won by hard work, by search, by climbing.

I am sure that you will not detect in what I have said any disposition to read small the magnificent reaches of the human soul, or to ridicule the great anthems of the human heart. Far be it from me to ask you to look through the wrong end of your telescope. Turn it boldly toward the future. Win if you can the crowning blossom of the spirit, a thrilling hope, aye, better still, a present sense of deathlessness. I admire the boldness of the soul that dares go beyond the demonstrable, that can project itself to the heights of the unattained, that dares attempt to triangulate the "Delectable Mountains." I would have each soul become a Columbus, confidently leaving behind the land of certitude and turning the prow of the Santa Maria, the Pinta and the Nina of their spirits toward the land of expectation, the new world that beckons them to untried seas. I know not how the full orb of being can be realized until we sail the unknown and unrealized seas of life. I place great confidence in the master builder who has so shaped this growing world that it is capable of still further growths. To me the deeper analogies of nature point to unspeakable consummations in store for the individual and for the race. I do not believe that God will allow the life that now is, to remain the mocking segment of an uncompleted circle. I believe there is profound meaning in this mystic tide that has risen in the souls of men of many climes and races. This argues a distant attraction. It proves some moon in the heavens of life that bends this ocean of mortality towards its immortality. When William R. Alger, the author of the "History of the Future Life," asked the poet Whittier, the day Charles Sumner was buried, "What of Charles Sumner to-day?" the poet replied, "I can not conceive of myself as ceasing to exist, much less can I conceive of such a soul as Charles Sumner's as dropping out of existence." Do I believe in immortality? Yes, I believe in it so much that I can let it alone, and I care not to mock my soul with the petty logic of proof-texts or material manifestation. I will not fret my spirit with the dubious revelation of incoherent common-places given in the jargon of Indian doctors or squaw revelators, but rest rather in the proofless proof of Emerson's reply to Mr. Alger on the same day and to the same question which called forth Whittier's word just quoted: "I am so delighted and surprised to find myself in this world that I am willing to trust the beneficent power that brought me here for whatever of fresh surprises he has in store for me."

No! friends, I have no desire to darken the veil which hangs between to-day and the "to-morrow of death," a veil already so dark that it casts a shadow over many a life. I would only guard this rare flower, this night-blooming cereus of the soul from the rudeness of uncontrolled fancies. Here as elsewhere let the higher reason and deeper experience protect and direct the

noblest resources of the soul. Unbridled fancy is no more pious when it concerns itself with the future than when it labors with the past or the present. To dwell in the future at the sacrifice of the present is as great a crime against ourselves, our kind and our God, as thus to sacrifice the present to the past. A dreamy prospecting, like a gloomy retrospecting, does no credit to our hearts and brings no strength to our souls. The ancient who gazed at the stars so steadfastly that he stumbled into the ditch, was as much out of order in this world as the modern who because he once found a guinea in the road went ever after with his eyes turned toward the dust in hope of finding another, though the one be called a philosopher and the other a practical man of affairs. O, there is no saving value in credulity, neither is there any damning power in conscientious inquiry or honest doubt. One may have abounding faith in golden streets, jasper walls, silver streams, jeweled crowns, white robes, stringed harps, tips of angel wings and supermundane presences and still be immeasurably poorer in the higher joys of spirituality and the qualities of true faith than he who says,

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond his love and care."

When I say that I have a greater hope for continued existence, for an ever expanding life than I have proofs for the same, I do not on that account mean to say that there are not pressing, cumulative, and, to me, convincing and overwhelming intimations of an immortality towards which all the travail of evolution tends, for which all the discipline of soul fits us, a presentiment of which already haunts all souls in proportion as they partake of those deathless qualities. Love, truth, righteousness, these are the God-like attributes which bring forth faith. Great hopes are only for great souls. I do not purpose, this morning, to count the arguments. Suffice it to say, that I believe that evolution as much as what men have called revelation, points to a magnificent future, a divine destiny to man, a heavenly career to souls. Science, as well as scripture, bids me fit myself for that divine destiny. Culture warns me against negations. The thoughtful man finds it easier to believe than to doubt, and the intelligent, profiting by the experiences of the past, are slow in declaring anything impossible, except the ultimate and the permanent triumph of evil over good, and the unreality of truth. So, whichever way I look, whether into the pages of ancient writ, the larger generalizations of science, the cumulative testimony of the noble bards of all ages, or the intuitions and premonitions of my own soul, I am justified in bidding you welcome to the Easter hopes of humanity. Cherish in every way the dream of an ever expanding life, the ever revealing presence of God, a communion with the ever dear in whose career death is but an incident, and with whom there is even now communion and contact, brighter, more real, more intimate, than we can understand. Conceive the best you can for the human race, collectively and individually; hold close to your heart the memory of your babes, which were denied to your arms; still nestle in the loving arms of the mother that is gone, and in the strength of the father that laid down his armor at your feet, not before he had deposited some of his victor's wreaths upon your brow and many of his triumphs in your heart; draw near in thought and feeling to the saintly ones of the race, aye, if you will, call upon the saints to aid you in your battles. Lift your hands and your eyes to those whom the ages unite in calling saviors. Let flowers be the continued offerings upon the shrines of Buddha; in the name of Zoroaster let the sacred fire be kept burning, and let those who will, turn to the crucified one of Calvary, if strength comes therefrom, and then, I say, if

you err in all this, it is on account of your under-estimate rather than an over-estimate of the future. If it will not be such as this you conceive of, as, of course, it will not, it will be something larger, something better, something diviner. The highest word is still, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him."

It is out of such a faith as this that I would that we might grow into conscious citizens of that kingdom of God "which cometh not with observation." This is what will make us more and more entranced with this nature that is our home, with human nature that is our family. Let us seek the best things in each other, woo the kindly thoughts that will become witnesses to a present heaven, the thoughts that will make us more manly in our resistance to wrong, more tender toward each other's failings. Such a life will cause passion to retire from the beaming presence of love, in such souls will come the evidence that

"All the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of our strife
Slow rounding into calm."

"And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of the heart
Are open to the day."

Let us think of heaven not as Gushland, but as Thought-land, not as the home of salvation-seekers but as the camping ground of God-helpers and truth-servers. Let us not expect to catch the highest harmonies of the hymning choirs in this heaven through the wooden accents of deal tables hammering out their "yes" and "no," nor yet through the wordy rhapsodies of untrained intellects whose phrasings pass through our minds as water through gravel, leaving no deposit behind; but rather let us learn of these stately anthems, phrased in the words of the master minds of the race, in the heavenly melody of lines written by the bards whom the centuries honor, and the prophets whose words have lifted generations into clearer light. Let us re-inforce our faith by the thought of the stalwart thinkers, aye, if need be, the brave doubters of humanity, they who by their doubts have stayed the wavering faith of the generations. Lastly, may our thought of heaven be such as will make us faithful workers, humble servers of our kind, that will bring us willing devotees at the shrine of the holy helpers of humanity. In their serene faces may we discover the secret of the sweetest bliss known to mortal, the inward and the ultimate evidence of deathlessness. Our anxiety for immortality will cease only when we learn

"That to be saved is only this—
Salvation from our selfishness,
From more than elemental fire,
The soul's unsanctified desire,
From sin itself and not the pain
That warns us of its chafing chain;
That worship's deeper meaning lies
In mercy and not sacrifice;
Not proud humilities of sense
And posturing of penitence,
But love's unforced obedience;
That Book and Church and Day are given
For man, not God—for earth, not heaven,
That blessed means to holiest ends,
Not masters but benignant friends;
That the dear Christ dwells not afar,
The king of some remoter star,
Listening, at times, with flattered ear
To homage wrung from selfish fear,
But here, amidst the poor and blind,
The bound and suffering of our kind,
In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Life of our life he lives to-day."

SOCRATES said to his followers, "Yes, bury me if you can catch me." But he was not buried. There must always be that about a good and noble man that you cannot hide in a grave. There is a soul—interpret it how you will—that will not rest in a tomb, and a holy one that is not allowed to see corruption.

THERE is no such thing as unanswered prayer. Every true desire from a child's heart finds some true answer in the heart of God.—Norman McLeod.

Correspondence.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITORS OF UNITY:

In the issue of your excellent paper for March 30th, occurs a quotation credited to "George MacDonald in 'Robert Falconer.'" The quotation does not happen to be from MacDonald, but from an article written for the *New Church Messenger* by Miss Ella F. Mosby, and published in its issue of August 15th, 1888, a copy of which I send you by this mail. The article was entitled, "A Countryman of George MacDonald's," a title which, in one instance at least, proved misleading, for a whole or a part of the article was shortly afterwards reprinted in the *New Church Independent* of your city, as "Excerpts" from MacDonald, and hence, perhaps, the miscredit in *UNITY*. The *Independent* afterwards printed a correction of its error.

I remain, gentlemen, yours sincerely,
C. H. MANN.

Editor of *New Church Messenger*.
ORANGE, N. J., April 9, 1889.

DEAR UNITY:

I find in one of your issues an invitation to ask questions, and I avail myself of the opportunity to ask an answer to a question in "Unity S. S. Lessons," series xix, "The Seven Great Teachers of the World," page 6: "What elements are there in Christianity that did not come from Jesus?" I see nothing on your "Guide-board to the Tracts" that seems to give reply.

O. H. B.

OVIDIO, FLA.

Thanks to O. H. B. for accepting our invitation. If he will look at *Unity Mission Tract*, No. 23, called "The Sympathy of Religions," it will in large part answer his question. The "Guide-board," a classified list of our tracts, to which he refers, has been reprinted as a circular, and will be sent to any one on application. Our fifty tracts will grow to more, but already they answer, as best they can, a great many of the current religious questions of the day.

DEAR UNITY:

Anent "The Hebrew Father's Prayer" in a recent issue, is the following extract from a late Sunday lecture by Rev. Dr. Tobias Schaufarber, at the Har Sinai Temple in Baltimore, as reported by the *Baltimore Sun*.

"Jesus was a martyr to a cause. He was destined to fulfill a mission, to bring the heathen world to the knowledge of one only God. Jesus called his disciples his brothers, he devoted his time to relieving the poor, ministering to the sick, and restoring the fallen to paths of moral rectitude.

"Judaism looks forward to a time when all oppression and strife shall cease; it hopes for a time more than a person, it looks forward to a golden future. Jesus deserves the greatest praise for his piety, for his condemnation of hypocrisy; for having raised fallen beings from the slough of iniquity into the paths of right doing and right thinking. We honor him for the beautiful instructions of the Sermon on the Mount, for his Lord's Prayer, and many other good thoughts and words, but only as a man. The modern Jews have obliterated from their prayers all references to the return to Jerusalem and of a personal Messiah. But we fervently hope for a Messianic time when all men shall acknowledge one God, and uphold the doctrines of one humanity. Meanwhile, it is our duty to proclaim to the world, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one.'"

M. B. M.

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Notes from the Field.

THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.—The programme of the approaching anniversaries of the Western Unitarian Conference, May 14-16, is nearly ready for publication. Rev. S. R. Calthrop, of Syracuse, N. Y., is to preach the opening sermon. The secretary hopes to deliver the programme to the churches two weeks in advance of the conference. Every parish and every friend not reported in treasurer's list of "Receipts of the W. U. C.," in *UNITY*, April 13, is requested to send on contributions to Treasurer James B. Galloway, room 605, Rialto Building, Chicago, as early as possible. Let every church send its heartiest and most generous contribution and then arrange to come to the Conference with full delegation. With its "Thirty years of Darwin" and "Types of Religion in Robert Elsmere," the programme promises to be one of much interest. The exercises will be held in the First Methodist Church, one of the large audience rooms in the very centre of Chicago.

WOMEN'S WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.—The adjourned meeting of the Board held April 10th, Mrs. West in the chair. Present, Mmes. Dupee, Wilkinson, Warren, Jones, Ware, Misses Hosmer, Hilton.

Seventy-two dollars reported since last meeting; indebtedness \$34.66; balance \$37.34. The programme committee submitted programme for the annual session, which was approved. *Moved*, that the annual session be held morning and afternoon, in Methodist Church Block. Carried. *Moved*, that morning session convene at 10:30. Carried. *Moved*, that the Association be invited to entertain guests during Conference. Carried. Agreed to appoint one delegate to the Women's Auxiliary Conference in May, at the Annual session. Mrs. Ware appointed the reception committee to welcome delegates. Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Church, Miss Washburn, appointed committee on Decoration.

Moved, that auxiliary branches of the Conference be invited to report at the annual meeting, and delegates be announced from the platform.

Mrs. Warren reported three delegate memberships.

The meeting adjourned.

FLORENCE HILTON, Secy.

CHICAGO.—The Chicago Manual Training School, Prof. H. H. Belfield, Director, sends us the following:—The third course of Lectures on American History will be given on Saturdays, at 10:30 A. M., in Central Music Hall, as follows: April 27—Washington and his relations to the Great West, Mr. Edwin D. Mead. May 4—Samuel Adams: His Place in the Founding and Development of the American Commonwealth, Rev. J. H. Barrows, D. D. May 11—La Salle, Rev. J. Coleman Adams, D. D. May 18—Early Visitors to Chicago, Edward G. Mason, Esq. May 25—George Rogers Clarke, Mr. William H. Ray. June 1—The Division of the Northwest into States, Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites.

Tickets for the course will be issued, as before, without charge. Principals of schools will confer a favor by informing the undersigned how many tickets will be needed for pupils and teachers in the seventh, eighth and high school grades. The number of tickets issued will be but slightly in excess of the number of seats; and it is earnestly desired that no tickets will be distributed without definite assurance that they will be used. Tickets for the public schools of Chicago will be sent to the office of the City Board of Education. Tickets for the suburban public schools may be found at the office of the County Superintendent of Schools. Teachers and pupils not connected with city or suburban public schools may apply to the undersigned, at the Chicago Manual Training School. Applications for tickets should be made prior to April 20, 1889.

—The April meeting of the Chicago Unitarian Club was held at the residence of Mr. E. A. West, 426 W. Jackson street. The president, Mr. Shorey, called the meeting to order. Mrs. Woolley stated that in accordance with a vote of the officers of the Club, at their last business meeting, she would move that the treasurer be instructed to pay towards the rent of the Chicago Unitarian Headquarters the surplus remaining in the treasury after the payment of the bills. The motion was carried. The secretary informed the members that there were at their command more copies of *UNITY* containing the essay read by Professor Maxson at the March meeting. Notice was given that the next meeting of the Club would be held Friday evening, May 17, at Mr. John Wilkinson's, to which would be invited the delegates of the Western Unitarian Conference.

The president introduced Prof. Allen W. Gould, who read a paper upon the subject, "Is Unitarianism a new sect or a new religion?" In the discussion which followed, attention was called to the significance of Unitarianism and to the different ideas and institutions which have characterized historic Christianity. The questions were raised whether Christianity includes more than the principles which Christ taught and what phase of Christianity has the best right to the name. The discussion was conducted by Mesdames Woolley, Bartlett, Gould, and Messrs. Jones, Ware, Gould, Effinger and others.

It was voted by the Club that Professor Gould's paper be printed in *UNITY*, and that \$5 be appropriated for the purpose. The meeting closed with the usual general sociability.

MRS. E. A. WEST, Sec'y.

OAKLAND, CAL.—Rev. C. W. Wendte sends us his announcement slip for the First Unitarian Church, Oakland, during the month of April. We notice a Pastor's Conversation Class for religious study preparatory to uniting with the Church on Easter Sunday, a Mission Sunday School, a Woman's Auxiliary Society, lectures by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore and Mrs. Jenness Miller, and a printed sermon by the pastor, entitled "A Unitarian Estimate of Robert G. Ingersoll," ready for distribution,—all of which indicates a live and growing church in Oakland.

TACOMA, W. T.—A recent Tacoma paper devotes two columns to a sympathetic report of a sermon recently preached in the Unitarian church of that place by Rev. W. E. Copeland in reply to one by Rev. Mr. Mackey of the Presbyterian church on Unitarianism. Mr. Copeland ably maintained the Unitarian position on grounds both biblical and rational. The sermon attracted a large congregation, filling the church to its utmost capacity.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—Rev. Henry Frank, of the Independent Congregational Church, preached lately to an overflowing and enthusiastic audience, on the true basis of church fellowship, and proposes to back up his words by inviting all the city churches and ministers to meet at his church on the morning of Tuesday, April 30, and join in the celebration of the Washington Centennial.

SHEFFIELD, ILL.—Wednesday evening, April 17, was an occasion of much interest to the Unitarian Church, at Sheffield. Rev. Mr. Duncan, the new pastor, was ordained to the work of the Christian ministry, Rev. J. L. Jones, of Chicago, preaching the sermon.

OMAHA, NEB.—Rev. H. A. Westall, of Bloomington, Ill., called at *UNITY* headquarters recently, on his way to Omaha, where he has supplied the pulpit for two Sundays.



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KATE HUDSON.

EASTER ECHOES.

Running up one Saturday, before Easter, to the little suburb where our first parish had greeted us, we went into the woods to gather such spring-flowers as were brave enough to dare March winds and April showers to meet the glad spring and respond to the warm wooing of the sun. The parish itself has long since ceased to exist, except in the hearts and memories of those who labored together so lovingly that one short year, but the ties then formed led us to the home of one of our old parishioners, and from there a party of little children joined us in our rambles. The woods were full of echoes of the past, the swaying anemones, the dainty spring beauty, the tender eyed violets, the glowing cowslips, the green promise of trilliums, all talked to us of childhood's days, with its wooded hills, its deep moss-grown ravines with their dashing little brook at the bottom. Every blossom brought a memory, a picture of its own, and around each clump of flowers there gathered friends of other days. We were carried back, back years and off miles and miles away, and in memory we flitted about as quickly and as lightly as any Welsh fairy ever did, aye, even that most irrepressible of them all, Pwca himself. One moment we were on the hill-top of a well remembered, favorite resort of the spring beauty, where we fancied it grew that it might absorb into itself the first tints of the morning sun and catch the last bright rays of the evening glow. Then we were away to the woods in the lowlands among the strong beeches and maples, over whose roots the delicate anemones were dancing to the music of the blue-birds. Then off to the open fields, blue with violets, rejoicing, alike, in sunshine and shower—a contented little blossom, always preaching the gospel of peace and good-will. Then we flitted to the marshy lands, golden with cowslips, where we used to come out, alas! sometimes shoeless, always with wet feet, heedless of the blackbird's warning "caw, caw, caw," nor giving thought to the night of hot bottles and perspiration awaiting us. The intimation of trilliums had its memory, sweet and strong, of a house-bound winter and early spring, of the ecstasy of getting into the fresh, green fields again, where we came upon a delightful surprise—a beautiful white flower, which seemed to be nodding and smiling, and trying, in a dumb way, to say, "How de do! glad to see you." We rushed home with our wonder, and were told that it was a trillium, and shown why it had this name, "though," added the mother, "I like best to call it by its old English name, the nodding wake-robin." Back we flew to the field for more, and soon we spied a cluster under a tree on which a robin had alighted and was pouring forth his joy in a regular Easter carol, and from that day the trillium has been our "nodding wake-robin," though as the robin al-

ways came first, we credited him with waking the beautiful blossom by his spring song, for with these flowers there always comes the music of birds and a mother's sweet presence.

The voices at our side were the voices of children long since to manhood and womanhood grown, and we forgot all the intervening years, felt the thrill of youth, and we could appreciate the feeling of the old lady, who, on looking at her portrait, just painted, exclaimed in surprise, "Why, am I as old as that! I don't feel so."

When we were packing our flowers to return, all the children but one contributed their gleanings. "Why, my dear, don't you want to send yours?" asked his elder sister. "No, I want 'em myself," said the sturdy little Scotchman. "I am sorry you are not a generous little boy," said his sister, coaxingly, but he only hugged his flowers the closer. Then the mamma said, "I thought you would be glad to send your flowers to Mr. —'s Sunday-school." "To Mr. —'s Sunday-school—to Mr. —'s Sunday-school," said the little fellow, dreamily, "Yes, I want to send them to Mr. —'s Sunday-school," and he laid them in the basket as a devotee would his offering upon the altar.

Dear little boy. All the Sunday-school he had ever known was this echo of a Sunday-school sixteen years before—the Sunday-school his eldest brother and sister knew as infant class scholars, and the Sunday-school they had talked to him about and played with him—just a shadow of a reality, only an echo, but still real enough to touch his little life and heart.

With holidays, there come echoes all along the line of life, but none stronger, none more sacred than those of our childhood. These holy-days, as we like best to call them, should be sacredly devoted to the enlargement of life, to cementing the bond between brothers and sisters, parents and children, between those who agree and those who differ. Let us put into them all the best of the old meaning and usage, and add thereto the wisdom and worth of our own day, so that our children and children's children may find in them a greater joy, a holier significance, than they ever held before. The Days, the special occasions in home and church-life, have an educational influence hardly realized. Let us give thought unto the occasion, these "days are made on a loom whereof the warp and woof are past and future time. They are majestically dressed, as if every god brought a thread to the skyey web." MATER.

Announcements.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, April 21, services at 11 A.M.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, April 21, services at 10:45 A.M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, services at 10:45 A.M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, April 21, services at 11 A.M., the Easter Festival. Monday, April 22, Unity Club, Emerson section; Tuesday, April 23, 8 P.M., Philosophy section.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, April 21, services at 10:45 A.M. Rev. J. R. Effinger will preach.

THE CHICAGO WOMAN'S UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION holds its next meeting at the Church of the Messiah, April 25; Mrs. F. D. Freeman, leader; topic, "James Martineau: his Literary and Educational Work."

KENWOOD CHAPEL, corner Lake avenue and Forty-fifth street; service at 8 P.M. Mr. Jones will preach, subject, "Religion as Spiritual Health."

THE IOWA ASSOCIATION OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER INDEPENDENT CHURCHES will hold their Annual meeting at Sioux City, May 6-8. On Sunday, May 5, the new church will be dedicated.

THE SPRING MEETING of the Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and other Independent societies will be held at Black River Falls, Wis., May 7-9, 1889. Rev. M. D. Shut-

ter, of Minneapolis, will preach the opening sermon. Subject: "The Liberal Faith as a Basis of Character."

The Universalist Church in Black River Falls most cordially invite the delegates and friends of the Conference to accept their hospitality.

T. B. FORBUSH, President.
J. H. CROOKER, Secretary.

Unity, Vol. II, 1878-9.—We have on hand about forty copies of this volume, bound in limp cloth, which will be of interest to our present readers, both for its intrinsic value and as a memento of the "early days," ten years ago, when UNITY was a semi-monthly, with pages 8½ by 5½ inches in size. This volume contains 304 such pages, commencing with an essay by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, on "The Sympathy of Religions," and ending with the announcement of the paper's first enlargement. Other essays included in the volume are, "The Liberal Sunday-school," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones; "Outspokenness in Religious Life," by Brooke Herford; "The Perfect Trust," by Samuel Longfellow; "Religion in Daily Life," by Richard L. Herbert; "The Old Testament," by Dr. K. Kohler; "Jesus and the Prophets in History," by J. Vila Blake; "Social Science and Religion," by J. C. Learned; "The Apostle Paul," by Joseph Henry Allen; "We See What We Are," by Charles W. Wendt; and "Science and Religion," by James T. Bixby.

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From Vineland, N. J.: "I wish I could send you twenty names. I enjoy the paper very much, and wish you success."

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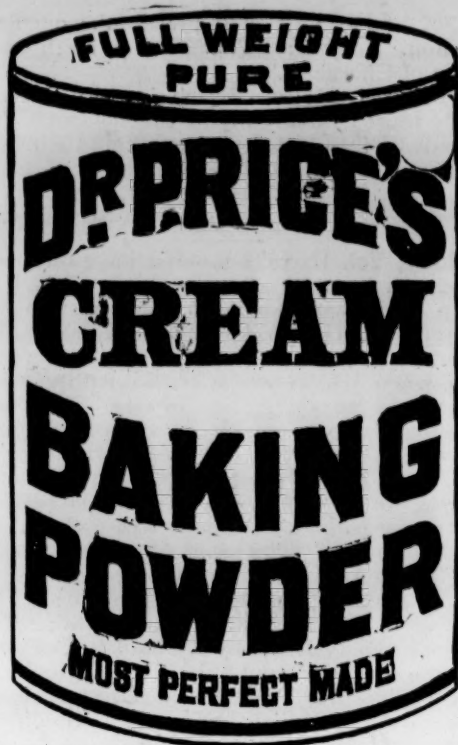
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